

# BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1883.

WALLACE BRIDGEMAN, Editor.

For Governor.

(Subject to the decision of the Democratic Party.)

HAS. J. PROCTOR KNOTT of Marion.

BARRERS are all strapping fellows.

BALL-tunes are the "music of the spheres."

A pretty cheek is good enough a show for us.

Two fore a man gets the higher he climbs intellectually.

WOMEN should never bang a door, if they do adore a bang.

HONESTY is a policy that can't be bought at a lottery shop.

ARMIES of grit, no man possesses more than a grindstone.

DEATH, sergeants are men who always command attention.

Theatrical manager, unlike the railor, di-likes to see a light house.

SEVEN thoughts are best. — [Proverb.]

And just the opposite with mortgages.

A MAN may not strike his wife, but it is all right for her to collar and cuff him.

DYING in poverty is easy. It's the living in poverty where the hard work comes in.

WIG MAKERS ought to excel as burglars, if there is any virtue in practice at picking locks.

YOUNG ladies are not so much interested in the welfare of a rejected suitor as in his farewell.

The most inveterate bachelor wants a better half—when a counterfeit fifty-cent piece is shoved on him.

The latest Sam-book is a volume of hymns edited by Revs. Samuel Johnson, Samuel Osgood, and Samuel Longfellow.

The Glasgow Times speaks of a lady of its town as "a fountain of delicious melody."

Think of He'll-on-walled with petticoats!

WHAT has become of the money cribbed by ex-Senator Spencer. — [Inquisitive Exchange. Echo answers: Spent, sir.]

SPEAKING of the bearing capacity of bridges, reminds us that none of them can equal the bridge of a fiddle in standing strains.

Nobody ever heard of an absconding editor. — [How-how News. Didn't, eh? It strikes us that Owensboro heard of one two or three years ago.]

The window is a sorely afflicted piece of architecture. It is seldom you see one that is not full of panes, and the sight of a window-blind is not uncommon.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what we think of a man who expectorates on the floor of a hotel dining-room. We think he deserves credit for not expectorating on the table.

Gov. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, died at Atlanta last Sunday morning at 3:20 o'clock a.m. We will give an extended notice of his remarkable and honorable career next week.

THIRST for amusement is an instinct of nature. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the waves leap, the fields smile, the buds about the rivers run, the vines climb, and the brooks sing.

"THIRTY-FIVE Ways of Popping the Question" is the title of a book just out. It will not become popular with the young ladies, all of whom are satisfied with the one good old way that captured their mothers.

We notice a statement to the effect that Dion Boucicault and the Langtry will be giving a stirring engagement together next month. Then good-bye, Mr. Gebhardt. Followers are not permitted to the girls old Dion travels with.

Good men are known by the company they keep out of. — [Breckenridge News. Does this apply to deserters from the army? — [Glasgow Times. Of course. Would you have truly good men keep company with professional man-killers?]

"Is this my train?" asked a Hardinsburg traveler of the boy who sells THE BRECKENRIDGE DAILY NEWS in the Cloverport depot. "No, sir, I guess not," replied the youngster. "It must belong to the L., St. L. and T. Company, as its name is on the cars. Have you lost a train, mister?"

PAT FLANNERY lost his wife, and a week afterward married another. While the honeymoon was yet in its first quarter a circus came along, and his bride importuned him to take her to it. "Be jabbers!" Pat exclaimed, "do yez think I'd become meself by bein' same goin' to a shircus wid another woman so soon after the dith av me wife?"

HON. GEO. E. TRIPLETT, of the Owensboro Post, is a candidate for reelection to the popular branch of the legislature. It would be a lucky thing for Kentucky if every county within her borders, when "boring" representatives, could produce such Triplets as gallant old Davies. We hope our young confere will be endorsed by his people with an unqualified re-election. He was not only one of the best and most industrious members of the last house, but gave evidence of ability in legislation that may some day, if he is not careful of himself, land him in congress.

We regret to notice the valedictory of Dr. John D. Woods in the last issue of the Glasgow Times; but that regret is measurably lessened by the assurance that his retirement from journalism is only temporary and will be brief. He has not yet determined on his future location, but wherever it may be, may good luck and prosperity attend him and his. He is succeeded on the Times by Messrs. James M. Richardson and W. Basil Smith, the latter recently of the Caldwell (Texas) Register. Both gentlemen possess newspaper experience, Mr. Richardson having done acceptable work on the Times in former years. We extend them a hearty welcome.

## MAUD MULLER JONES.

Maud Muller Jones went out one day,  
To rake some gubernatorial hay—  
Kid gloves and linen without reproach,  
And a tall plug hat o'er a tall stiff "ouch!"  
He handled the rake of his tongue with skill,  
And piled up his coals on vale and hill.  
But when he glanced toward the far-off town  
Where the silent arsenal looks grimly down,  
He paused in his labor, and a vague unrest  
Tingled his nerves, and crept in his breast  
A wish, which he greeted with halting scorn,  
That Knott and Owsley had neither been born.  
And Proctor Knott rode down the lane,  
Thinking the clouds were threatening rain,  
And wondering why, on such a day,  
Maud Muller Jones was raking hay.  
He drew his bridle and halted across  
The lot to the laborer weary and cross.  
"I say, old fellow, what do you mean  
By raking the grass while yet it is green?  
"I want some myself, but I think I'll wait  
Till it's ready to cut and haul thro' the gate."  
"And yonder comes Owsley, I think he, too,  
Wants some of this hay as bad as we do."  
And sure enough, the Judge rode up,  
And asked for Jones' bottle and Knott's tin-sup.  
He poured him a draught and drank it down,  
And said, "It is better than we get in town."  
"Now, ere here, fellows," said the frate Jones,  
Hate in his heart and war in his tones,  
"I'd have you know I was first to come.  
This hay is mine, I'll haul it home."  
"Not if I know it," with a laugh, said Knott;  
"I guess I've an interest in this here lot."  
"And I, too," said Owsley, "own a share.  
This grass must be cut and carried on the square."  
And the two rode on, with laugh and jeer,  
While Maud Muller Jones felt awfully queer.  
With an empty bottle, and wanting a drum  
To ease his aching diaphragm,  
They both looked back as they climbed the hill,  
On the poor fellow standing sad and still.  
Sparring their steeds, they both rode on,  
And Maud Muller Jones was left alone.  
And he, poor fellow, on their words did dwell  
Till the rain on his unaked clover fell.  
And when the confestion came that way,  
And decided that it was not his hay,  
He sighed, and wept, and sighed again,  
So great his grief, so sore his pain;  
And he sobbed, as the tears rolled down his face,  
While he homeward trudged with weary pace:  
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are those: 'It might have been.'"  
Then he took up the burden of life once more,  
Determined in after years—any four—  
To resume his rake, in that far day,  
And pile some more gubernatorial hay.

## PULPIT PUMMELERS.

We entertain great respect for both Drs. Coleman and Hayes. Both are gentlemen of learning, eloquence and piety. It may be that each, as some accuse, is aware of his own superiority to us lumps of common clay and is vain of that superiority. But that is no crime. Show us a man who is without vanity and we'll show you one who is a possessor of nothing of which to be vain. We, for instance are vain of our reputation as a newspaper man, and we think we have the right to be vain of it, for we succeeded in building it up only after nearly forty years of arduous and constant labor. It was not born with us; it was not inherited; we made it with the labor of our own brain and hands. Hence we conceive that we have the right to be vain. But there is a difference between vanity and egotism. A man can be vain—which is legitimate pride—of that which he has himself created, whether it be a wonderful and intricate piece of mechanism, a song that has found lodgment in the hearts of the people (like "Sweet Home"), a novel that has aroused the just instinct of humanity to arise and extinguish a giant evil (as Read's "Never Too Late to Mend") forced the reformation of the inhuman jail system of England, and Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" blazed the way to the extinguishment of slavery in this country), or books that revolutionized and quickened the fossilized theological thought of the world (as the works of Emanuel Swedenborg), or a political proclamation that appalled and sickened the despotic monarchial idea and placed the republican experiment on a solid and enduring basis (as the "Declaration of Independence"). All these works their authors had the right to be vain of. Any good work, having a good end in view, is a thing its author can be vain of. But the vanity of the egotist is something vastly different from the species of vanity indicated above. It really is not vanity, but selfishness. The alphabet of egotism contains but one letter—the capital I. The cosmos of egotism contains but one being—Me. The purpose of egotism is the glorification of MYSELF. Its heaven is the applause of the Mob, and its hell is Unappreciation. It says can see nothing but the reflection of itself. Its ear is open only to the flattery it receives. Its tongue speaks only the language of self-justification.

That is an honorable ambition which leads any man to strive to excel in good works; which incites him to attain the top round of the ladder of human excellence; which impels him to strive for the leadership among men in the race for the betterment of the human species. But that is not an honorable ambition which impels a man to build his own greatness on the ruins of something better than himself. Hence it is that, all our life, we have been the sworn and unflinching foe of pulpit prize-fighting. The pious pumblers who engage in these uselessly encounters are, in nine cases out of ten, actuated by the selfish desire to achieve fame as polemic, even though to succeed they must necessarily sacrifice their efficiency as preachers. Christ, who is the head of revealed and practical religion, set no such example to his followers. He did not set Paul and Peter by the ears, nor pit John against Timothy in the ring of debate. On the contrary His example and teaching were set against all wranglings, quarrellings and contentions between brethren. Both the churches to which the distinguished divines aforementioned are attached profess to be churches of our Lord Jesus Christ. Both preach faith in Him, and salvation by and through Him. They may differ on church rules and practices, but agree on the essential facts. The definitions of Greek terms don't amount to a snap of the finger to the masses who are seeking salvation. They have the Bible as their rule of con-

duct, and in the New Testament the Blessed Saviour provides them with the only creed we need for our peace and pleasure on earth and our justification in the world to come. The Sermon on the Mount is of the creeds, catechisms and disciplines man ever did or ever will invent.

But the evil resulting from these pulpit pummelings of each other by professed preachers of God's word, it seems to us, should be enough to prevent all good men and women who are really Christians, from countenancing this degradation of religion. And that religion is not only degraded, but weakened instead of strengthened, one has only to look upon the fruits of one of these so-called "debates"—which is really nothing in the world but a tourney of egotism—in any community that has ever been secured with and by it. In the first place, no man or woman has ever been converted from their original belief by the arguments of the opposing polemic. All who attended have gone away holding to their previous opinions. Did it stop there no particular harm is done. But unfortunately it does not stop there. We have seen bitter and life-long enmities between neighbors who had always been upon the friendliest terms spring from one of these wrangles. We have seen members of the same families, their hearts filled with the bitterness and hatred engendered by a pulpit pummeling, turn their backs upon each other and go out into the world to be henceforth strangers to one another. We have known husband and wife, who belonged to different churches, but had hitherto lived and loved together, tolerant of each other's opinions, become indignant to a phrensy of madness so intense that their once happy home was changed to a hell of discord, and the courts were called upon to separate them. We have known father to be turned against child, and sister alienated from brother. And then can it be expected that we should, or even could, seeing these fruits, look with approval or complacency upon one of these pulpit prize-fights? I faith, we'd rather attend a prize-fight, or a dog-bait, or a cock-fight, man, conscious that whatever of evil there be in these things, the devilment is not done in the honored and sacred name of our Saviour, nor is His holy religion pummeled in the prize ring, torn and lacerated in the dog-fight, or carved and stabbed in the contest of the cocks.

Therefore it is that we are glad that there is but little prospect of our distinguished clerical friends engaging in one of these despicable pulpit contests. We care not what cause intervened to stop it. What ever it is it deserves the acclaim of all true Christians. We do not wish, in what we have said above, to be understood as speaking either slightly or disparagingly of Drs. Coleman and Hayes. On the contrary, we esteem them greatly as ministers of the Gospel. They have both done valiant service as soldiers of the cross, and we hope that many years may be spared them both in which to reap victory after victory in the Master's cause. It is only when they shall descend from the high calling to which they have consecrated their lives to engage in a pulpit prize-fight that they will hear our voice raised in condemnation of such act.

McCARTY'S Paducah Journal is at hand, and a beauty it is, too. Truth is Mack couldn't print any but a neat and pretty paper, or edit any but a good one. His rest appears to have honed and whetted the razor of his genius, and he doesn't touch a subject but that he shaves in under the skin. Well, a long life and a merry one to the Journal, and, as old Rip would observe (over a glass of schnapple), may the genial, wise, and witty Mack live long and prosper.

With the Elizabethtown News, we will support no candidate for a state office who will not go before the people and advocate a reform in the jury system, an improved common school system, and a new state constitution. We don't care a fig how he may stand on the tariff, the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, or any other question that concerns the domestic economy of the state about as much as the thickness of blankets does the people of the tropic lands. We—and we speak for the people at large—want to know exactly what they propose to do to remedy the evils that now afflict the state and how they propose to go about it. It is the duty of our senators and representatives to attend to matters and questions pertaining to national politics.

The Stanton Legion is forming. It is only necessary to let the democracy of Kentucky know that it is absolutely in their power to select any man that they please for an office, and then show them how they can honor and reward one who is at the same time one of the most modest and industrious workers in the good cause in the commonwealth, to induce them to voluntarily confer honor upon one to whom honor is most due. We have purposely abstained from communicating with Mr. Stanton on the subject, because we well know what his answer would be: "I have never aspired to office in my life; I am not now an aspirant. I have ever believed that the place must seek the man and not the man the place. Even were I desirous of seeking position, I have neither the time, means nor disposition to chase and run it to earth as though it were a fox." That is about the answer we would get. But we know him well enough to believe that were honorable position tendered him he would not decline it, because the act of nomination would be a demand of the party upon his service, and he is too good a democrat, too brave and conscientious a worker, to decline any reasonable service the party may exact of him. The following papers have expressed their preference for him, and we are satisfied that as soon as the information that we can thus honor our distinguished confere reaches the other democratic papers of the state they will all unite cordially and heartily in recommending Mr. Stanton to the party as one most worthy of trust and position: Bowling Green Gazette, Louisville Commercial (independent), Hopkinsville New Era, and THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE is forty-eight years old.

## The Railroad.

As a faithful chronicler of the railroad news every week, we have but little to add to what is already known to our readers. The directory met at Louisville last Friday, and discussed some important business, of which, of course, we and the public are not and probably will not be advised. Reports of the subscription made along the line were received, and were very satisfactory, though somewhat incomplete. The whole amount necessary is now however assured, and the directory and all concerned are pleased with the situation. Every indication is favorable for the speedy beginning of the actual construction of the road. This much we are permitted to state.

President Pierce and C. H. Sawell, we understand, were at Brandenburg last Monday, and with Engineer Herndon, started from there on a reconnaissance of the country by the Dry Valley route to Stephensport. We suppose that Mr. Geo. Richardson and other citizens interested accompanied them, but our information is based only on rumor, and we can state nothing definite. It is surmised they will return by the Mooleyville route.

It Gives Universal Satisfaction.  
LITCHFIELD, Ky., Nov. 15, 1882.—Dr. W. B. WHITE.—Dear Sir: Please send me 3 dozen Lung Balsam. I have never used any medicine that has given the satisfaction for what it proposes to cure as White's Lung Balsam. Yours &c., W. V. WORTHAM.

## STEPHENSPOET.

"It's a fixed fact."—(the railroad.)

The river is slowly retiring to its bed from which we hope she will not rise again soon. All the families residing on Water street took the "back route" last week; in fact, we had all begun to think we were going to lose" eight of terrafirma, and that our town was about to become a modern Venice, with its low-lying islands and canals. The dear husbands of this place certainly deserve a great deal of credit, for they have been compelled to remain at home of evenings the past two weeks, on account of all the business houses being abandoned. There was no other resort, and we deserve credit for an unavailing act of kindness? But now the water is receding, the wives will resume their familiar songs, "Are you coming home to-night?" and "Don't stay late, don't stay late."

Dr. Wedding is now located on Main street, opposite the brick church.

Mrs. Dr. S. C. Helm has been quite ill recently, but is now recovering.

The citizens of this place are very enthusiastic over the prospects for a railroad, but we hope enthusiasm will not create within them an evil spirit to ridicule their neighbors, Union Star and Hardinsburg, and hope that Stephensport will be to them as a "shining light," "altogether lovely and of good report," and that Hardinsburg may yet arise and call her blessed.

But hark! the low muttering thunder of the distant train warns me that it is 6 o'clock.

"By asking too much we may lose the little that we had before." Kidney-Wort asks nothing but a fair trial. This given, it fears no loss of faith in its virtues. A lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

HERCULES 2nd, in large variety, and all of the newest and most favorite patterns and colors.

Weight 1,550 lbs., will stand the entire year (test the stables at E. Oglesby, one-half mile west of Cloverport, Ky.)

DESCRIPTION.

Hercules was born last August, is 16 hands high; iron-gray; large, flat bone; heavily muscled; well proportioned body; beautiful head and neck, and fine style and action.

TERMS.

\$20 will be charged, of which \$5 cash is service money, and \$15 insurance, to be paid when the mare is known to be in foal; \$10 cash by the season, and \$10 cash for the single leap.

Parting with the mare before she is known to be in foal will forfeit the insurance money. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but we will not be responsible should any occur.

You are cordially invited to call and examine our horse before selecting another to breed from. There is no other breed of horses so well adapted to the wants of our farmers, or on which we can so safely depend for improvement in the character and form of our mongrel breeds.

PROPRIETORS.

J. G. STEPHENS, THOMAS IRELAND, Hardinsburg, Ky., Hardinsburg, Ky.

D. H. HARTMAN, E. OGLESBY, Manager, Hardinsburg, Ky., Cloverport, Ky.

Mores from a distance and for graded for a reasonable price. No responsibility for accidents or escapes.

E. OGLESBY.

JOE BEAVINS' HEIRS—\$277. One lot in Mulesville. For description see deed dated March 31, 1869, in Deed Book 26, page 164.

MRS. MAHALA PARR—\$3.96. 100 acres of land. See deed dated August 19, 1873, in Deed Book 26, page 201.

HENRY PARR—\$3.96. 100 acres of land. See deed dated November 7, 1878, in Deed Book 33, page 315.

MRS. SUSAN BIDDLE—\$8.13. One town lot in Union Star. See deed dated February 28, 1863, in Deed Book V, page 426.

JOHN A. REESE—\$7.71. One town lot in Mulesville. See deed dated November 20, 1869, in Deed Book V, page 155.

STEPHEN T. BROWN—\$17.82. 71 acres of land. See deed dated February 1, 1870, in Deed Book 26, page 501.

JEMIMA LESLIE—\$5.51. 39 acres of land. See deed dated September 26, 1862, in Deed Book 8, page 219.

MRS. MATILDA TOLBERT—\$6.82. One lot or parcel of land in Hardinsburg, adjoining Geo. W. Powers, formerly owned by R. S. Gardner.

JOHN TOLBERT—\$4.34. 91 acres of land. See deed dated January 29, 1877, in Deed Book 32, page 138.

JOS. M. GRAY—\$23.72. One pen of corn on his premises near Eliza Rhodes.

D. S. RICHARDSON, ex-S.B.C. By C. M. McGUIRE, ex-D.S.B.C.

FINE FARM FOR SALE.

Being desirous of quitting farming, I will sell the farm on which I reside, one of the best in Breckinridge county. It is located on the headwaters of Clover Creek, two miles from Cloverport and six miles from Hardinsburg, containing about 267½ acres, about 200 of which are cleared. The buildings on it are all good and substantial structures. It is one of the best watered farms in the county, and has on it a splendid orchard. The terms, which will be very low—as I am determined to sell—will be made known on application to me.

WILLIAM LYONS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of T. N. Yeaslee, deceased, are hereby notified to present them to me before the 15th of April, 1883, provided that time will be forever deferred.

A. M. DUBRETT, Adm.

March 5, 1883.

H. E. B. GREGORY,

CLOVERPORT, KY.

Will buy Indian Arrow Points, Potlows, Axes, Pipes, Discarded Saws, Pottery, pure Gold, Silver, Petrified Objects, &c. Write for prices.

\$600 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 per cent. Address H. HALLBET & CO. Portland, Maine.

## New Advertisements

NOTICE.

Sheriff's Sales for Taxes.

By virtue of an act of the Legislature, approved April 8, 1880, and for taxes paid by me, due the Commonwealth and Breckinridge County, for the years 1878 and 1880, I, or one of my deputies, will, on the 2nd day of April, 1883, between 10 o'clock a.m. and 4 o'clock p.m., at the Court-house door in Hardinsburg, sell at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following described property in this county, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay said taxes, costs, and commissions, and against the following persons, viz:

S. C. CRAWFORD—\$18.41. One town lot in the town of Webster. For description see deed dated June 1, 1862, in Deed Book V, page 154.

ALEN D. BASHAM—\$5.72. 100 acres of land, known as the Joe Duvell tract, near Joel Adkins.

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